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**The Sprightly  
songster**

**London**

**1810**

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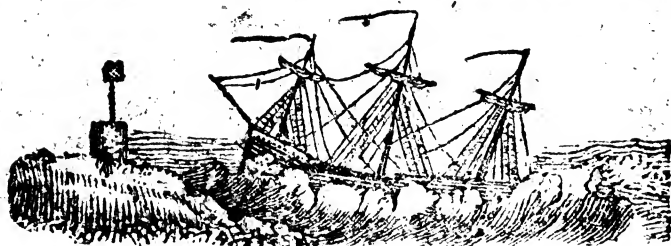
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Just Published, Price One Penny.—1810.

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THE  
**SPRIGHTLY**  
**SONGSTER;**  
BEING  
**A COLLECTION**

Of the Newest Songs now singing at the different Places  
of Public Amusement, and in all Convivial Assemblies.



- 
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 <i>Poor Pil Garlic</i>                              | 7 <i>Too many Cooks spoil the Broth</i>                    |
| 2 <i>Lady Go-Nimble's Ghost</i>                       | 8 <i>The Maid of Midford Haven</i>                         |
| 3 <i>The Mail Coach</i>                               | 9 <i>Mister Po</i>   |
| 4 <i>Fan of Drury Lane</i>                            | 10 <i>For the Sport of all Sport is to</i><br><i>Marry</i> |
| 5 <i>As soon as his Wild Oats were</i><br><i>Sown</i> | 11 <i>Adown, adown, down in the Valley</i>                 |
| 6 <i>Which, which is the Man</i>                      | 12 <i>Miss Deborah Diddle</i>                              |
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L O N D O N :

Printed by Howard & Evans, 42, Long-Lane, West-smithfield.

THE

## SPRIGHTLY SONGSTER.

### 1 *Poor Pil-Garlic ;*

OR, THE

### *Hen-Pecked Cowler.*

I'M ca'll'd Pil-Garlic where I go,  
And lead a dev'lish life, sir,  
And all thro' whom? Why you shall  
know;

By that sad jade, my wife, sir;  
For tho' I strive to make things meet,  
Both morning, noon, and night, sir,  
Without her leave I dare not eat,  
She does so scratch and fight, sir.

(Spoken) Yes she does, the vixen!  
and I am forced to take it all quietly!  
Now it was but t'other day that I ven-  
tured to axe for a bit of under crust,  
& a slice of the brown from a shoulder  
of mutton, when she sent the knuckle at  
my head, and ax'd how I dared to take  
such liberties at table.

Oh! larem, strap'em, larem, strap'em,  
Well-a-day! heigho!

And sing, heigho! poor Pil-Garlic.

Then there's our mister brawney Jack,  
With us doth eat and drink, sir,  
And off' she sets him on my back,  
If I speak what I think, sir;  
Zay, more, for this indeed an't all,  
So hard she makes me fare, sir,  
The boys all funk me in my stall,  
And cry Pil-Garlic's there, sir.

(Spoken) So they do, even the little  
boys, and it's all owing to my wife; for  
hey know that she gives me a hiding,

and therefore, when it is dark, they  
sing out, Let us go and funk the cowler.

Oh! larem, strap'em, &c.

Then tho' she late was brought to bed,  
Why, so it is, d'y'e see, sir,  
The little brat, I'm sure it's said,  
Is not a bit like me, sir;  
Nay, if I must the truth unfold,  
In spite of all her clack, sir;  
The story every where is told,  
'Tis more like brawney Jack, sir.

(Spoken) Yes, it is told about the  
neighborhood, especially at the chand-  
ler's shop, that the little squeaker is no  
more like me than a cabbage is to a  
ball of wax; then they say that he has a  
nose the very picture of brawney Jack's!  
And yet I am to be called his daddy!  
And what's worse than all, do you  
know, there's another upon the stocks;  
and that you know is enough to make  
any one, when he's pegging away with  
his awl, to sing,

Oh! larem, strap'em, &c.

### 2 *Lady Go-Nimble's Ghost ;* *Or, Honey & Mustard.*

SIR JERRY GO-NIMBLE was lame  
of a leg,

Hey diddle, ho diddle dee;

And lady Go-Nimble had barely one  
peg,

For a very old lady was she,

For Jerry, when married, was but  
twenty two,

My lady four score, when Sir J. came  
to woo,

As ugly as Poles, but as rich as a Jew,

With a hey diddle, ho diddle, hey  
diddle dee,

At the wedding my lady was call'd for  
a song,

Hey diddle, ho diddle dee,  
Says she, to oblige, I'll not hesitate  
long,

Tho' I own I'm not quite in the key;  
Then she made a fine mug, twist a  
squint and a grin,

And 'screw'd up her snuff-colour'd lips  
to begin,

While like two bellow's-handles, she  
mov'd nose & chin,

Spoken.—When she sung—  
Sings.—What's life without passion,  
sweet passion of love?

With a hey diddle, ho diddle, hey  
diddle dee.

Sing hey diddle, ho diddle dee.

This pair of true lovers, they liv'd  
upon love,

Hey diddle, ho diddle dee,  
While the honey-moon lasted a week  
& above,

And then 'twas all mustard for she,  
For wicked Sir J. was fond of tit bits,  
And my lady she fell in hysterical fits,  
Then for jealousy drank herself out of  
her wits.

Spoken.—Then she strutted about  
like mad Bess, with a whisp of straw in  
one hand, and a drop of comfort in the  
other.—Struts about like a mad old  
woman.

Sings.—He prov'd false, & I undone.

With a hey diddle, &c.

At last, it is said that by dropsy shedied,

Hey diddle, ho diddle dee,

And her grim ghost it came to Sir  
Jerry's bed side,

Saying, List! oh, list!—for I'm  
come.

Sir J. he hid himself under the clothe  
But the ghost out of bed pull'd him  
soon by the nose,

Toss'd him out of the window, and  
cried, There he goes,

Spoken.—And away he went sure  
enough. With his hey diddle, &c.

### 3 The Mail Coach.

COME listen to my story,  
Now seated in my glory,

We make no longer stay;

A bottle of good sherry,  
Has made us all quite merry,

Let Momus rule the day—

We hearty all & well are,  
Drive to the White Horse Cellar,

Get a smack before we go—

Bring me a leg of mutton,

I'm as hungry as a glutton,

Some gravy soup, hollo!

Spoken.—Why waiter; Coming, sir.

Make haste, I shall lose my place. I

hope your honor will remember the

poor hostler.—Are the beef-stakes

ready? No! but your chops are; all fast

behind. Hip!

Away they rattle,

Men and cattle,

Crack whip, they dash away,

What a cavalcad: of coaches,

On every side approaches,

What work for man and beast!

To have a little drop, sir,

We first of all must stop, sir,

Then afterwards make haste.

I mount, the whip I crack now,

All bustle what a pack now,

On every side approach;

Now making sad grimaces,

All for the want of places,

They cry, I've lost the coach.



(Spoken) How's this! I'm sure my name was booked; I don't see it  
 Ma'am. No room for two ladies; none at all for females; this is a mail coach;  
 tie a handkerchief round your neck,  
 Billy. Yes; good bye, papa, give my love to grandmama. Hip!

Away they rattle, &c.

Four in hand from Piccadilly,  
 Now seated in the dilly,  
 Off we scamper all,  
 What merry wags and railers,  
 What jolly dogs and sailors,  
 Begin to sing and bawl.  
 From every place we start now,  
 Some company depart now,  
 And others come no doubt;  
 For plenty there is of room, now,  
 And any one may come now,  
 Four inside and one out.

(Spoken) Are my boxes all safe.  
 You have put my trunk in a wrong  
 coach; never mind, we shall overtake  
 it. Where is my welch cap; hold your  
 tongue, sirrah; you have awake me out  
 of a comfortable nap; keep the windows  
 shut; I have got a cold and a stiff neck;  
 keep in your feet. Hip!

Away they rattle, &c.

#### 4 Fan of Drury Lane.

OF all the girls both far and near,  
 There's none like pretty Fanny,  
 And I for her, my only dear,  
 Will give up Bet and Nanny;  
 For tho' Fan waddles in her gait,  
 Her nose too, rather hooked,  
 Why sure her back would be more  
 strait,  
 If it was not so crooked.

Then Fanny's father, dust he cries,  
 Her mother, sprats is bawling,  
 While Fanny at the playhouse plies,  
 With fruit your honour calling;

Yet Fanny is a nonpareil,  
 More sweet than sugar-candy,  
 And sure her legs all legs excel,  
 If they were not so bandy.  
 Yet there are those who envy me,  
 Because I'm lov'd by Fanny,  
 Who says she will have Timothy,  
 Or never marry any;  
 O yes, & when we're bone of bone,  
 How we shall fondly muddle,  
 And while there's some will lie alone,  
 We'll go to bed and cuddle.

#### 5 As soon as his Wild Oats were Sown.

THE sun of affluence gaily smil'd,  
 Young Robert felt its influence  
 bright;  
 In dissipation's round he whirl'd,  
 Nor ever thought it would be  
 night.  
 All sought his notice—he was rich,  
 And e'en the sagest sire would  
 own,  
 That Bob would make a worthy  
 man  
 As soon as his wild oats were  
 sown.  
 No maidens yet had Robert lov'd,  
 Tho' sought with many a win-  
 ning grace;  
 At length fair Bell the victor prov'd;  
 He doated on her lovely face.  
 Tho' Bob was gay, yet he was true,  
 And blushing Bell with smiles  
 would own,  
 A steady husband he would make  
 As soon as his wild oats were  
 sown.  
 Yet still a thoughtless life he led,  
 His wealth soon squander'd,  
 well-a-day!



Faithless Bel mother did wed,  
 And friends with riches fled  
 away!  
 He saw his folly when too late—  
 The sequel sad, to all is known,  
 For soon beneath the green grass  
 turf,  
 Alas! poor Bob's wild oats were  
 sown.

Be kind to my wishes, and point  
 my heart,  
 Is it Robin, who smirks and who  
 dresses so smart?  
 Or Tom, honest Tom, who make  
 plainness his plan?  
 Which, which is the man?

### 6 Which, which is the Man.

TWO youths for my love are  
 contending in vain;

For, do all they can,  
 Their sufferings I rally, and laugh  
 at their pain.

Which, which is the man  
 That deserves me the most? Let  
 me ask of my heart:

Is it Robin, who smirks, and who  
 dresses so smart?

Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes  
 plainness his plan;

Which, which is the man?

Indeed to be prudent, and do what  
 I ought,

I do what I can:

Yet surely papa and mamma are in  
 fault.

To a different man,

They each have advis'd me to yield  
 up my heart;

Mamma praises Robin who dresses  
 so smart,

Papa honest Tom, who makes  
 plainness his plan.

Which, which is the man?

Be kind then, my heart, and but  
 point out the youth;

I'll do what I can

His love to return, and return it  
 with truth:

Which, which is the man?

### 7 Too many Cooks spoil the Broth.

MR. COOK, he kept an eating  
 house,

And cook'd it neatly with his  
 spouse;

They cook'd their meat so neat and  
 smart,

In ev'ry tizzy they clear'd a groat.  
 Ching' ring, ching chit quaw.

Young Snip, the tailor, oft partook  
 Of beef & cabbage with Mr. Cook;  
 But being a buck who ap'd high  
 life,

He ate Cook's beef, and calbag'd  
 his wife.

Ching' ring, &c.

Cook challeng'd Snip—eight tailors  
 more

He brought to fight—cried Cook,  
 Wherefore.

We make one man, was Snip's  
 reply,

And we're come for to fight you  
 man-ful-ly.

Ching' ring, &c.

What nine to one! cried Cook,  
 mere gab—

Besides at nine-pins I'm no dab;  
 So close your joke, while I anon,

Will bring an action for nem. con.  
 Ching' ring, &c.

But here Cooks wish the jury dish, (SPOKEN.) How shocking it  
 For Mrs. Cock turn'd out, loose would be to hear the little boys and  
 fish, girls of the village cry  
 Which proves, while tailors cab- Mister Po, Mistress Po, Gaffer Po,  
 e cloth, Goody Po—  
 Too many cooks will spoil the broth. Oh! I'll never marry you, I'm re-  
 Ching' ring, &c. solv'd, Mister Po.

### 8 *The Maid of Milford Haven.*

I SING the lass of lasses,  
 Who never sung to me;  
 She milks both goats and asses,  
 Upon her bended knee:  
 Love dwells in ev'ry feature,  
 Of this bewitching fair,  
 Oh! she's a charming creature,  
 And mild as any bear.  
 Her mouth so wide extending,  
 Almost from ear to ear;  
 Her nose hangs long suspending;  
 Her chin's adorn'd with hair:  
 Her bosom's like a flounder;  
 Her neck like jetty coal,  
 Yet still the maid, confound her,  
 Has won my heart and soul.  
 She looks two ways on Sunday,  
 With eyes divinely bold!  
 And smells as sweet on Monday,  
 As fish some six days old:  
 Whene'er she speaks, I fancy  
 I hear some walking raven,  
 Her name is filthy Nancy,  
 The Maid of Milford Haven.

### 9 *Mister Po.*

MISTER PO was a man of great neither; and indeed I'd give al-  
 riches and fame, the world to hear the little boys and  
 And I lov'd him I own, but I lik'd girls of the village cry,  
 not his name;  
 When he ask'd me to wed, in a pet Mister Po, Mistress Po, neighbo-  
 I said, No, Po, cousin Po—  
 I shall ne'er marry you, I'm resolv'd, Oh! I wish I had wed the gallan-  
 Mister Po. Mister Po,

In a passion he flew, and he cruelly  
 said,  
 From my heart do I wish you may  
 die an old maid.  
 You may wish what you please,  
 still my answer was no,  
 I shall ne'er marry you, I'm re-  
 solv'd, Mister Po.

(SPOKEN.) How ridiculous it  
 would be at a ball or a play, to hear  
 the company whisper, that's

Mister Po, Mistress Po, Gaffer Po,  
 Goody Po—  
 Oh! I'll never marry you, and be-  
 call'd Mistress Po.

Thus I said, and I thought, about  
 twelve years ago,  
 And refus'd the kind offer of sweet  
 Mister Po,  
 But I'm sure now, I think, I was  
 greatly to blame,  
 To refuse a good man on account of  
 his name.

(SPOKEN.) Well, really I don't  
 think the name so very frightful  
 neither; and indeed I'd give al-  
 the world to hear the little boys and  
 girls of the village cry,

Mister Po, Mistress Po, neighbo-  
 Po, cousin Po—  
 Oh! I wish I had wed the gallan-  
 Mister Po,

10 *For the Sport of all Sport* Whilst the merry spinnet and the  
*Is to Marry.* sweet tambourine,

I'LL tap at her door when the  
 morning shall break,  
 And with the first lark I'll be singing,  
 I'll whisper quite soft—Now my  
 dear love awake.  
 For the church bells are merrily  
 ringing;  
 The bridegroom impatient, no  
 longer can rest,  
 The bridesmen and bridesmaids quite  
 smartly are drest?  
 The drums and the fifes so cheerily  
 play,  
 The shepherds all chaunt a gay  
 roundelay;  
 With garlands of roses fair damsels  
 all vante,  
 The young and the old partake in  
 the dance—  
 Such mirth and such rapture never  
 were known,  
 I'm surpris'd that so long you  
 will tarry;  
 I prithee, Ulrica, prithee come  
 down;  
 For the sport of all sport is to  
 marry.

11 *A down, A down,*  
*Down in the Valley.*

DID you ne'er hear a damsel  
 youth in the vale,  
 Ask'd a damsel to give him a kiss,  
 When this pretty maid cried, No  
 it must be denied.  
 Yet all the while wish'd to say  
 yes?  
 For when on her pillow  
 for the willow  
 Where Edward first saw pretty  
 Sally,  
 Or rather, in truth, she sigh'd for  
 the youth,  
 A down, a down, down in the  
 valley.  
 Did you ne'er hear it said, when  
 he ask'd her to say,  
 And told her fond love prompt-  
 ed so,  
 How this silly maid spoke—to be  
 sure 'twas in joke,  
 For she answer'd him, Shepherd,  
 no, no?  
 Yet when on her pillow, she  
 sigh'd for the willow  
 Where Edward first saw pretty  
 Sally,

When home we return, we'll sit  
 down to the feast,  
 Our friends shall behold us with  
 pleasure;  
 Shall sit with my lord, and drink  
 and the shall,  
 We'll laugh to see 'em quaff without  
 measure.  
 The toast and the joke shall go  
 joyfully round;  
 With love and good humour the  
 room shall resound,  
 The slipper be hid—the stocking  
 let fall—  
 And rare blindman's buff shall keep  
 up the ball;



Or rather in truth, she sigh'd for Her complexion as blooming as  
 the youth (valley. whitey-brown paper;  
 A down, a down, down in the She'd but one eye, and she  
 But now you shall find how this squinted with that;  
 maid chang'd her mind. For an excellent rib she was form'd  
 When a twelvemonth had pass'd too, I ween,  
 after this, Since terribly crooked withal;  
 For when he next press'd at the Was Miss Deborah Diddle, of  
 church to be bless'd, (yes, yes; Daisymead Green,  
 She answer'd him, Shepherd, For Sir Gilbert Go-softly, of  
 Nor when on her pillow, more Gooseberry Hall.  
 sigh'd for the willow  
 Where Edward first saw pretty The knight once a sad race had run,  
 Sally, when in clover, (dreg,  
 But bless'd the fond day they to But his running had come to a  
 church flew away For now he was poor, and had sixty  
 A down, a down, down in the got over,  
 valleys. Besides that, he had but one leg;  
 12 *Miss Deborah Diddle.* But titled was he, and she rich as a  
 queen, (made fall,  
 YOU may talk of sweet passion, These in love with each other  
 and wishing, and wooing, Sweet Miss Deborah Diddle, of  
 With ecstasies, blushes, & darts; Daisymead Green,  
 Y. Stars, and turtles, and billing, And Sir Gilbert Go-softly, of  
 and cooing, Gooseberry Hall.  
 Flaming torches, and fond bleed- The knight caught a fever in  
 ing hearts, toasting her merits, (die,  
 But the truest of lovers that ever Took physic, and that made him  
 were seen, When the grief of the fair so con-  
 In city or town, great or small, sum'd all her spirits, (her eye;  
 Were Miss Deborah Diddle, of She went off—with a drop in  
 Daisymead Green, And such fond constant love from  
 And Sir Gilbert Go-softly, of oblivion to screen, (stone so tall,  
 Gooseberry Hall. From the grave sprung a tomb-  
 The virgin was fifty, her head very Of Miss Deborah Diddle, of Daisy-  
 (taper, mead Green, (Gooseberry Hall;  
 Her mouth large and nose rather And Sir Gilbert Go-softly, of

F I N I S.